Zevuith

World Beyond the Sky

Zevuith an eager Explorer travels to the furthest arm of his galaxy to find a world. What happened would change two worlds.

A science fiction

Short story.

By

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Introduction — The First Explorer

Zevuith, a young and eager Tellebit, was chosen to command the *Glowing Star*, the newest explorer-class vessel of his peaceful people. For centuries, the Tellebits had travelled only to nearby systems, meeting new species and sharing knowledge. Now they would journey to the farthest edge of the galaxy.

The *Glowing Star* travelled alone, guided mostly by its own systems. During a routine manual-control cycle, the ship detected a promising system orbiting a yellow star. Zevuith turned toward it.

Two gas giants passed beneath him. Then he saw the third planet — a blue world, vibrant and alive.

He stared in awe, not noticing the warning until too late.

A massive asteroid was on a collision course with the planet. There was no time to evade.

The impact shattered the asteroid. It shattered the *Glowing Star*. And it ended Zevuith's life.

On the surface below, early humans looked up at the flash in the sky, unaware that a young explorer had saved their world.

They would never know his name.

But the world he saved would one day remember.

Prologue

Part 1

The Grand Hall of Venture shimmered with soft blue light as diplomats gathered beneath the crystalline dome. The Grand Hall stood at the very centre of innovation on Omiger-1.

From the outside it looked almost alive, a vast structure rising from the surface of the planet like a smooth silver dome. But inside, it was far more impressive than anyone expected the first time they entered it.

Rows of seats formed a perfect circle that seemed to stretch endlessly across the polished floor. Every desk and every chair was identical. There were no higher seats and no lower seats, no platforms, and no grand podium. Each position had a small microphone and a listening device connected to the universal translator — a system capable of understanding more than two thousand different forms of communication with almost perfect accuracy.

Here, every voice mattered equally.

Above the circular chamber, the ceiling rose high into a magnificent dome. Natural light streamed through hidden panels during the day, filling the hall with a calm, golden glow. When the light from the stars faded, the system adjusted automatically, creating a soft artificial light that felt completely natural to every species present. Even the temperature and atmosphere could be changed for each seating module so that every race — no matter where they came from — could sit in comfort.

This was not a place of power.

It was a place of cooperation.

The Grand Hall had witnessed thousands of historic moments. Young space-seeking pilots had once stood here, nervous and unsure, before leaving on their first missions. Many of them returned years later as heroes, bringing news of new worlds and new civilisations that would one day join the Grand Design.

The Grand Design was more than an alliance. It was a promise shared by many races — a promise to explore, to help when help was needed, and to protect those who could not protect themselves. Discovery was not for one world alone. It was for everyone.

Among the oldest members of this alliance were the inhabitants of Omiger-1 itself — the Tellebits. For millions of years, they had studied the space surrounding their world, watching the stars, learning from them, and preparing for the day when they would travel far beyond their own sky. Exploration was not simply a mission for them. It was their purpose.

If a civilisation asked for help, the Tellebits gave it.
If a world wished to remain alone, they respected that choice.
But they were always watching… always ready… always searching for signs of danger among the stars.

And today, the Grand Hall was about to witness the beginning of a new chapter.

A chapter that would change far more than anyone in the room could possibly imagine.

Today marked the unveiling of the **Glowing Star**, the first of the new Explorer-class vessels—sleek, self-sustaining ships built for journeys far beyond the known borders of Tellebit space.

After many years of space travel, most people believed that every possible spacecraft design had already been created. They were wrong.

The Glowing Star was unlike anything that had come before it. It was not simply a ship — it was almost a living intelligence. Designed to operate with only one person on board, the ship could control nearly everything by itself. Navigation, communication, life-support, system repairs, and long-range flight were all handled automatically. The single traveller was only needed when a decision required human judgement.

For long journeys, the traveller could enter a **cryo chamber**. Inside the chamber, life was not ended, only suspended. The body did not age, hair did not grow, and time seemed to stop completely. The chamber kept the occupant alive with only the smallest amount of life-support, waiting patiently until the ship reached its destination.

Because of this, the decks of the Glowing Star were not designed for large crews or busy activity. Instead, the interior was flexible. Bulkheads could move or be removed entirely, allowing rooms to expand or change shape whenever space was needed. When the traveller was awake, the ship became a place of comfort rather than work.

On the lower deck was one of the most remarkable inventions ever created by the Tellibetts — a **programmable environment room**. When activated, the room could display almost anything the traveller imagined. A forest, a beach, a city, even the interior of another ship. The entire space was created using light itself. The traveller could speak to the room, and it would respond as if it were alive. The only limitation was that nothing inside it could be touched, because everything was made from pure light.

Another room was the gym. Its roof formed a transparent dome, giving a full 180-degree view of space. While exercising, the traveller could watch stars drift past, planets grow larger, or distant galaxies glow in silence. This too was an invention — a way to remind the traveller that they were never truly alone in the universe.

The outside of the Glowing Star was just as unusual. The hull was shaped like a half-moon, travelling with the curved edge facing forward. At the rear were the folding-drive engines, powerful enough to carry the ship across unimaginable distances. At the front were the navigation and defensive systems, designed to destroy any asteroids or debris that might drift into its path.

The ship’s shielding was the most advanced ever created. It had been given to the Tibbetts by another race — a race they had once helped when it needed them most. Since then, the Glowing Star had travelled further than any ship before it, guided by intelligence, protected by technology, and powered by the quiet trust between different worlds.

Zevuith is young for a Tellebit, only 150 years. He is smaller than the average of his people. He processes above average intelligence. The highest grade was in protectiveness. That is why he was chosen for this mission. His features are typical to others long legs ending in flat disk, with two joints that allowed his movement in any direction. Above the legs his body a lone cylindrical shape with two arms ending in three protruding appendages. No top of all this is the head that is of a round

shape with a small point on the top and a ring of feathers, There are two ears one on each side ,they protrude out on stems that can swivel around.

Geog, elder statesman of the Tellebit people, raised his voice to the assembly.

“Today we send one of our own into the furthest reaches of the galaxy. Not for conquest. Not for dominance. But for what we have always sought—understanding, friendship, and the discovery of new minds among the stars.”

At the centre of the hall stood **Zevuith**, young, bright-eyed, and restless with anticipation. He bowed his head respectfully, though his pulse thrummed with excitement. Exploration was his calling. The unknown was his home.

The Glowing Star welcomed him with a soft harmonic tone as he stepped aboard. The ship was alive in its own way—self-supporting, self-correcting, guiding its pilot through the void. Only once each cycle did it relinquish control, allowing the pilot to reset its course and purge the accumulated data of its long journey. With the fanfare of the greatest magnitude the Glowing Star razed of the platform an hung there for all to see its magnific, than without a sound it was gone, Inside Zevuith did not feel any movement for a dampening field held the his body as if it was part of the Glowing Star. This way no movement could be felt.

Weeks past than years passed in quiet starlight.

Then— A ping.

The ship’s senses detected a system circling a yellow star. Multiple planets. One with oceans. One with atmosphere. One that felt… promising.

Zevuith took manual control as required, guiding the Glowing Star toward the inner worlds. Gas giants drifted past like silent titans. Nothing stirred. No signals. No life.

He almost turned back.

Then the third planet came into view—a blue world, vibrant and beautiful, wrapped in swirling white clouds. Zevuith stared through the viewing wall, awe softening his breath.

Life. There had to be life.

He didn’t see the warning lights. He didn’t hear the ship’s rising alarm.

Not until it was too late.

A massive fragment of rock—ancient, tumbling, deadly—hurtled toward the planet. Toward the oceans. Toward the fragile life below.

There was no time to evade.

Zevuith acted without hesitation.

He angled the Glowing Star between the rock and the world.

The collision lit the void in white fire.

The ship shattered. The rock disintegrated. The planet was saved.

Below, on the surface of the blue world, primitive bipeds looked up at the streak of light across their night sky. They saw only a flash—beautiful, distant, mysterious.

They did not know a brave Tellebit had given his life for them.

They did not know the stars had watched over them that night.

They did not know the predators that ruled their world had been spared extinction.

They simply called it a sign.

A glowing star.

Part 1

Chapter One — The Ring in the Sky

For generations, the people of the blue world had watched the night sky without understanding it. Stars were distant fires. The moon was a pale guardian. And the streak of light—recorded in carvings, songs, and whispered stories—was simply *the Glowing Star*, a sign from the heavens.

No one knew it had once been a ship.

No one knew it had died to save them.

But time has a way of revealing what was hidden.

It began with the shepherds.

On a cold morning in the high plains, before the sun had fully risen, a young herder named Lira noticed something strange above the horizon. A thin silver line—too straight, too perfect—cut across the sky like a blade of light.

At first, she thought it was a cloud. Then she realized it wasn’t moving.

By midday, the entire village had gathered outside their huts, pointing upward. The line had grown brighter, sharper, stretching from one edge of the heavens to the other. Children called it a sky-river. Elders muttered about omens.

By nightfall, the truth became impossible to ignore.

The line was not a cloud. Not a star. Not a trick of the light.

It was a **ring**.

A faint, shimmering band encircling the entire world.

Across the continents—among tribes, kingdoms, and wandering clans—people stared upward in awe and fear. Priests declared it a warning. Scholars argued it was a sign of divine Favor. Warriors claimed it foretold a coming age of conquest.

But none of them understood what they were seeing.

The ring was not a miracle. It was debris.

Fragments of alloy and crystal, drifting in a perfect orbit—remnants of a ship that had shattered itself to protect a world too young to know its name.

The Glowing Star had become a halo.

In the coastal city of Arathen, where the first observatories were built from polished stone and bronze mirrors, a group of early astronomers gathered on the roof of their tower. Their instruments were crude—lenses ground by hand, tubes of wood and leather—but they were enough.

Master Halen, the oldest among them, peered through his long-tube and felt his breath catch.

“It is not natural,” he whispered.

His apprentices exchanged uneasy glances.

“What do you see, Master?”

Halen stepped back, face pale.

“Edges,” he said. “Angles. Shapes no wind or God could carve.”

He looked again, adjusting the focus.

“There is… structure.”

The apprentices leaned in, one by one, each falling silent as they saw it too—tiny glints of metal, shards arranged in a thin, perfect band. Not random. Not chaotic.

Placed.

Or left behind.

Something had happened in their sky long ago. Something violent. Something intelligent.

And whatever it was… it had left a mark around their entire world.

Far above them, the ring glimmered softly in the darkness.

A monument to a young explorer named Zevuith. A grave no one knew how to mourn. A warning no one yet understood.

But soon—very soon—humanity would begin to ask the right questions.

A Shared, Violent Dawn

The great animals did not understand that they had been saved. They only knew the world continued to turn, the seasons continued to shift, and their ancient instincts still drove them across plains, forests, and coasts in vast, thundering migrations.

To early humans, these creatures were not symbols of majesty. They are A World were terror.

The apex giants towered over the landscape — colossal herbivores with tusks like carved moons, predators with jaws that could shear bone, and territorial beasts that defended their grazing grounds with unstoppable force.

Humans were small. Slow. Fragile.

Every shelter they built, every fire they lit, every patch of land they claimed — they had to defend it.

And they paid for it in blood.

Entire families vanished when a migrating herd trampled through a valley settlement. Hunters were dragged into the brush by night-stalking predators. Children grew up knowing that the world itself could kill them without malice, without warning, without even noticing.

But humans learned.

They learned to track the giants' movements. They learned to read the tremor of distant footsteps. They learned to build higher, dig deeper, move faster.

And the giants learned too.

They learned the scent of fire. They learned the sting of sharpened stone. They learned that the small ones were not prey — they were competitors.

A new balance formed, not peaceful, but dynamic — a constant negotiation of territory, instinct, and survival.

The giants grew bolder. The humans grew smarter. And the planet became a crucible where both were forced to change in ways, that they would not have if the world was there's alone

Had the asteroid struck, none of this would have happened. The giants would have died. Humanity would have been reset to ash. The planet would have become a cold, silent tomb.

Instead, because of one Tellebits sacrifice, the world became a crucible — harsh, dangerous, alive — and from that crucible, humanity grew into something far more resilient than fate had intended.

Chapter Two

The Silence Between Stars

For two decades the Tellebits had trusted the Glowing Star to send its soft, rhythmic pulse across the void — a heartbeat of exploration, a promise that its young captain still wandered safely among the unknown.

But one cycle, the pulse did not arrive.

At first, no one worried. Stellar storms could disrupt long-range signals. Nebulae could scatter transmissions. Even the most advanced ships sometimes fell quiet for a moment.

But then a second cycle passed. And a third.

And the silence began to feel wrong.

In the Observatory of Far-Sight — a vast crystalline dome perched on the edge of the Tellebit home world — Elder Navigator Suthen stood before a floating lattice of starlight. Threads of blue and gold traced the paths of every explorer-class vessel across the galaxy.

All glowed softly.

Except one.

The Glowing Star’s thread had dimmed to a faint, flickering ember.

Suthen touched the projection, and the lattice rippled. Data cascaded around him — telemetry, last-known coordinates, fragments of Zevuith’s final logs. None of it explained the silence. None of it eased the growing ache behind his ribs.

A young apprentice approached, her voice trembling. “Navigator… the Council is asking for an update.”

Suthen closed his eyes.

“Tell them the truth,” he said. “We have lost the Glowing Star.”

The words felt heavier than the dome itself.

Across the galaxy, on the blue world still learning to name its own sky, humanity was beginning to look upward with new eyes.

The ring — once a curiosity — had become a question.

And questions had a way of multiplying.

Stronger lenses revealed glints of metal. Early telescopes traced the arc of debris. Scholars argued. Priests warned. Kings demanded answers.

And in the quiet corners of the world, where thinkers and dreamers gathered around crude star-charts, a new idea began to take root:

We are not alone.

They didn’t know it yet, but their curiosity was a beacon — faint, fragile, but unmistakable.

A beacon the Tellebits would soon detect.

A beacon that would change everything.

Chapter Two

The Planet That Should Have Died

Long before the Tellebits realized the Glowing Star had gone silent, the world Zevuith saved was already reshaping itself in ways no one could have predicted.

The asteroid never struck. The sky never burned. Life did not collapse.

Instead, it accelerated.

The giants grew stronger. The humans grew sharper. And the planet became a proving ground where survival demanded brilliance.

The apex giants — spared from extinction by a sacrifice they would never understand — flourished. Their herds swelled across the plains. Predators grew larger, faster, more coordinated. Even the gentle grazers developed new defensive behaviours, learning to read the scent of danger and the patterns of human movement.

They were no longer creatures of instinct alone. They were becoming strategists.

For humans, survival was not a birthright. It was a negotiation with death.

Every shelter they built risked being crushed under a migrating herd. Every hunt could end with a hunter dragged screaming into the brush. Every night was a gamble against the dark.

They lost friends. They lost families. They lost entire villages.

But loss sharpened them.

They learned to shape stone with precision. They learned to set traps that turned the land itself into a weapon. They learned to fight not with strength, but with cunning.

And slowly — painfully — they began to win.

A Legendary Battle That Changed Everything

The stories differ from tribe to tribe, but all speak of the same night: **The Night of the Shattered Ridge.**

A herd of ridge-back colossi thundered off their usual migration path, driven by some unseen terror. Their charge barrelled straight toward a human settlement perched along a narrow stone spine.

There was no time to flee.

The humans lit fire pits, hurled spears, and formed desperate lines. The giants adapted instantly — swinging armoured tails, breaking formations, pushing forward with unstoppable momentum.

The ridge cracked.

And then Asha — remembered in legend as *Asha of the Ember Path* — saw what no one else did.

The ridge itself could be the weapon.

She led the largest colossus toward the weakest point. The beast charged. The earth split. The giant fell into the ravine, its roar echoing like thunder.

The herd stopped.

For the first time in their long, ancient memory, the giants hesitated.

They understood.

The small ones were not prey. They were predators.

The world did not become peaceful. But it became balanced — a balance forged in blood, ingenuity, and mutual respect born from fear.

And Far Across the Galaxy…

The Tellebits finally noticed.

Chapter Three

The Silence of a Star

The Glowing Star’s signal — once steady as a heartbeat — had gone dark.

At first, the Tellebits treated it as an anomaly. A delay. A fluctuation. A momentary dimming in the endless sea of stars.

But as cycles passed, the silence stretched into something heavier. Something colder. Something that felt like grief.

Soon, they began to ask the right questions. Soon, they traced the last coordinates. Soon, they realized the young captain who had carried their hopes into the unknown had vanished.

And nothing — not for humanity, not for the giants, not for the Tellebits — would ever be the same.

The Council Convenes

The High Council Chamber of Venture was a place of calm logic; its walls carved with the flowing patterns of ancient explorers. But today, the air was tight, brittle, as though the silence of the Glowing Star had seeped into the stone itself.

Twelve councillors gathered around the circular table of living crystal. At its centre, a holographic thread of starlight flickered — the last known path of the Glowing Star.

It ended abruptly. A severed line. A wound in the map.

Elder Navigator Suthen stood before them, his voice steady but his eyes dim.

“We have confirmed it. The Glowing Star has not transmitted in six cycles. No emergency beacon. No distress signal. No drift-telemetry. Nothing.”

A murmur rippled through the chamber.

Councillor Vethira, youngest of the twelve, leaned forward. “Could it be interference? A nebula? A gravitational anomaly?”

Suthen shook his head.

“We have scanned the region. The space is clear. The silence is deliberate — or catastrophic.”

The word hung in the air like a shadow.

The Debate Begins

Councillor Rathan, stern and cautious, folded his hands.

“If something destroyed the Glowing Star, sending another ship would be reckless. We could lose more young explorers. We could provoke whatever force lies there.”

Councillor Vethira bristled. “And if we do nothing? If Zevuith is alive? If he needs us?”

Rathan’s voice softened, but only slightly. “Hope is not a strategy.”

Another councillor, Maelith, spoke with quiet sorrow.

“The Glowing Star was our newest explorer-class vessel. Its shielding was unmatched. Its systems were self-correcting. Its captain was… exceptional.”

A pause.

“If something ended that ship, we must consider the possibility that we are not alone in the galaxy — and not all who dwell in it are peaceful.”

The chamber dimmed as the holographic star-thread pulsed weakly, as though echoing the fading heartbeat of the lost vessel.

Suthen stepped forward again.

“There is another possibility.”

The council turned toward him.

“The Glowing Star’s final trajectory led toward a small, uncharted system. Several planets.

A hush fell.

Councillor Vethira whispered, “Do you believe Zevuith found something?”

“I believe,” Suthen said slowly, “that he found something or *someone*.”

After hours of debate, the High Speaker rose.

Her voice was soft, but it carried the weight of generations.

“We cannot ignore the loss of the Glowing Star. We cannot risk another young explorer without understanding the danger. But we also cannot turn away from the unknown.”

She placed her hand on the glowing map.

“We will send a mission — not an explorer, but a *searcher*. A vessel built for caution, not discovery. A crew trained for diplomacy but prepared for threat.”

Her eyes dimmed with sorrow.

“And we will learn what became of Zevuith.”

The chamber bowed their heads.

For the first time in centuries, the Tellebits prepared to send a ship not in hope — but in mourning.

Chapter Four

The World That Should Have Burned

While the Tellebit Council argued across the stars, the blue world that Zevuith saved continued its relentless evolution.

The giants roamed. The humans endured. And the planet — spared from extinction — grew into something far more complex than fate had intended.

Generations had passed since the Night of the Shattered Ridge. The story of Asha of the Ember Path had become legend, told around fires and carved into stone. But the world did not grow gentler after her victory.

If anything, it grew sharper.

The giants adapted with terrifying speed:

Ridge-backs learned to avoid narrow passes.

Night predators developed coordinated pack tactics.

Towering grazers began to test human defences with deliberate, probing strikes.

They were no longer simply beasts. They were evolving into rivals.

Human settlements expanded — cautiously, strategically — across plains and river valleys. Every new village was built with lessons learned from blood:

Elevated platforms to avoid stampedes.

Reinforced walls designed to redirect charging beasts.

Watchtowers with signal fires to warn of migrating herds.

Spears tipped with obsidian so sharp they could pierce thick hide.

And slowly, humans began to do something extraordinary:

They **planned**.

They mapped migration routes. They predicted seasonal movements. They formed alliances between clans to defend shared territory.

Culture itself was shaped by the giants:

Songs honoured hunters who outwitted colossi.

Tattoos marked those who survived encounters with predators.

Coming-of-age trials required facing the wilderness alone.

Humanity was no longer prey. They were becoming a force.

One dusk, on the wide plains of the southern continent, a young hunter named Raleth stood at the edge of a watering hole. His clan had tracked a herd of tusk-horn grazers for days, hoping to divert them away from their settlement.

But something unexpected happened.

The lead grazer — a massive female with a scar across her flank — did not charge. She did not flee. She simply watched him.

Her eyes, dark and ancient, held something Raleth had never seen in a giant before:

Recognition.

Not of him — but of his kind.

She huffed, stamped once, and turned her herd away from the human lands without a fight.

Raleth returned home shaken.

The elders debated for days. Some said it was a sign of respect. Others said it was a warning.

But one truth settled over them all:

The world was no longer a battlefield of instinct. It was becoming a world of strategy, memory, and adaptation — a world shaped by two rising species locked in a dance of survival.

And far above, in the cold silence of space, the debris of the Glowing Star still drifted in orbit, a silent monument to the sacrifice that made all this possible.

Humanity did not know it. The giants did not know it. But their entire history — every triumph, every tragedy — was built on the moment a young Tellebit chose to die for a world he had barely begun to understand.

The Tellebits would come.

They would see what had grown in the shadow of their loss. They would witness a world forged by struggle and brilliance. They would learn that Zevuith’s sacrifice had not been in vain.

But they would also learn something far more unsettling:

This world was no longer simple. No longer primitive. No longer predictable.

It was alive. It was dangerous. And it was ready.

Chapter Five

The Minds of Giants

Long before the Tellebits prepared their search vessel, long before humanity carved its first symbols into stone, the giants of the blue world were changing.

They had survived the cataclysm that never came. They had endured the rise of the small, fire-bearing creatures who challenged them. And now, they were beginning to understand the world — and themselves — in new ways.

The First Signs of Thought

The ridge-back colossi were the first to change. Once driven purely by instinct, they began to:

Alter migration routes based on past dangers. Recognize human clans by scent

Teach their young to avoid certain valleys. Use terrain to their advantage when threatened

Their memories stretched across generations, passed down not through words, but through behaviour — a living inheritance.

But they were not alone.

The great night predators — sleek, silent, and deadly —something even more remarkable:

Coordinated strategy.

They hunted in formations. They communicated with low-frequency growls. They learned to flank human defences, testing for weaknesses.

Some packs even began to observe human settlements from afar, studying patterns of movement, firelight, and guard rotations.

They were no longer simply hunters.

They were tacticians.

The tuskhorns, once known for their explosive charges, began to show selective aggression.

They avoided human lands unless provoked. They recognized the shapes of spears and the smell of traps. They learned that the small ones could be dangerous — but also predictable.

This understanding created a fragile, shifting peace.

A peace built on mutual fear.

The Scarred Matriarch

The scarred tuskhorn matriarch — the same one who spared Raleth's clan — stood at the edge of a wide river, her reflection rippling beneath her.

She remembered the scent of fire. She remembered the sting of obsidian. She remembered the cries of her fallen kin.

But she also remembered something else:

The small one who did not attack. The small one who stood still, trembling but resolute. The small one who let her pass.

In her vast, ancient mind, a new concept formed — not instinct, not fear, but something closer to **choice**.

She turned her herd away from the human lands again.

Not because she was afraid.

But because she understood.

The Giants Begin to Communicate

Across the continents, subtle changes spread:

Ridge-backs used rhythmic stomps to warn others of human traps, Night predators developed a complex system of tail signals. Tuskhorns used low rumbles to coordinate herd movement

These were not languages — not yet — but they were the seeds of something greater.

A shared awareness. A collective memory. A rising intelligence.

The First Giant Council

In the northern plains, where the grass grew tall and golden, a rare event occurred.

Three species — ridge-backs, tuskhorns, and night predators — gathered at the same watering hole.

Not to fight. Not to hunt. But to observe.

They watched each other with wary eyes. They drank in shifts. They moved with deliberate caution.

And for the first time in the planet's history, the giants behaved not as isolated species, but as **peoples**.

The giants were not becoming human. They were becoming something entirely their own.

Their intelligence grew in ways shaped by size, instinct, and the vast landscapes they commanded. Their memories stretched across generations. Their strategies evolved with every encounter.

And as humanity sharpened its tools and expanded its settlements, the giants sharpened their minds.

The world was no longer a simple struggle of predator and prey.

It was a rising tension between two intelligent species — each adapting, each learning, each shaping the other.

Chapter Six

When Two Minds Collide

The plains were quiet that morning — too quiet.

Raleth felt it first. A pressure in the air. A stillness in the grass. The kind of silence that meant something enormous was watching.

His clan had expanded their settlement along the riverbank, building new platforms, new walls, new watchtowers. They believed they understood the giants now.

They were wrong.

The Approach

The first tremor rolled through the earth like a heartbeat.

Then another.

Then many.

Hunters scrambled to the watchtowers. Children were ushered into the stone shelters. Fires were lit along the perimeter.

Raleth climbed the highest platform and froze.

A herd of ridge-back colossi — dozens strong — was approaching. But this time, something was different.

They were not migrating. They were not grazing. They were moving with purpose.

And at their front walked the Scarred Matriarch.

The same giant who had spared him.

But today, her eyes held no softness.

Today, they held warning.

The Misunderstanding

The humans prepared for battle. Spears were raised. Bolas were readied. The elders shouted orders.

But the giants did not charge.

They stopped at the edge of the settlement, forming a semicircle. Their massive bodies blocked the sun, casting long shadows over the trembling humans.

The Scarred Matriarch stepped forward and lowered her head.

A deep, resonant rumble rolled from her chest — not aggression, but communication.

A warning.

A plea.

A message.

But humans did not understand.

To them, the rumble was a threat. To them, the giants’ presence was an attack. To them, hesitation meant death.

A young warrior, panicked and eager to prove himself, hurled a spear.

It struck the Matriarch’s flank.

She roared — not in rage, but in pain and betrayal.

And the confrontation began.

The Battle That Should Not Have Happened

The giants surged forward, not to kill, but to scatter. Their movements were controlled, deliberate — pushing humans away from the riverbank, away from the lowlands.

But humans saw only chaos.

They fought with everything they had:

Spears flashed in the sun. Fire pits ignited. Hunters leapt from platforms

Traps snapped shut

The giants responded with equal force:

Ridge-backs swung their armoured tails. Tuskhorns charged in controlled bursts

Night predators, drawn by the noise, circled the edges

It was not a battle of instinct.

It was a battle of strategy.

A battle of two rising intelligences, each misreading the other.

Raleth found himself face-to-face with the Scarred Matriarch again.

She towered above him, her breath hot and ragged. Her eyes were not wild. They were desperate.

She stomped the ground three times — a warning signal used by her kind.

Raleth froze.

He remembered the stories. He remembered her sparing him. He remembered the way she had turned her herd away.

And suddenly, he understood.

She wasn’t attacking the settlement.

She was trying to **move** them.

To push them away from something.

Something dangerous.

Something coming.

He dropped his spear.

“Stop!” he shouted to his clan. “She’s not fighting us — she’s saving us!”

But his voice was swallowed by the roar of battle.

The Matriarch bellowed, a sound filled with sorrow and frustration. She turned her herd away, retreating with heavy, thunderous steps.

The humans, exhausted and bloodied, watched them go.

They had survived.

But it did not feel like victory.

It felt like a mistake.

A terrible one.

That night, the elders gathered around the fire.

Raleth spoke of the Matriarch’s warning. Of her hesitation. Of her attempt to communicate.

Some believed him. Some did not. Some feared what it meant.

But one truth settled over them all:

The giants were not just reacting. They were thinking. And they were trying to tell humanity something.

Something urgent.

Something the humans had failed to hear.

Chapter Seven

The Echo of the Fallen Star

The days after the battle were uneasy.

The humans rebuilt their walls. The giants retreated to the plains. But both sides carried the same lingering question:

What had the Scarred Matriarch been trying to warn them about?

The answer came sooner than either species expected.

Far to the north, where the land rose into jagged cliffs, a young ridge-back giant wandered alone. He was not yet fully grown, but already massive — curious, restless, drawn to strange scents and stranger sights.

He found it at dawn.

A shard of metal half-buried in the earth, glowing faintly with a soft blue light.

It was smooth. It was warm. It hummed with a rhythm that felt like a heartbeat.

The young giant touched it with his trunk.

A pulse of memory surged through him — not his memory, but something older, something alien:

A ship of light cutting through the void. A young captain’s final breath

A world seen from orbit, blue and fragile. A flash of fire as the Glowing Star shattered

The giant recoiled, trumpeting in fear and awe.

He did not understand the images, but he understood their meaning:

This metal came from the sky. And the sky had once saved them.

He lifted the shard carefully and carried it back to his herd.

The Scarred Matriarch recognized it instantly.

She had seen the sky-fire long ago, as a calf. She had felt the shockwave ripple through the plains. She had survived because of it.

She rumbled a deep, resonant call — a call of memory, of warning, of reverence.

The giants gathered around the shard.

And for the first time in their long history, they understood that the world had been saved by something beyond it.

Meanwhile, in the human settlement, Raleth could not shake the feeling that the giants had tried to protect them.

He led a small group into the plains, unarmed, carrying only torches and offerings of food. It was a dangerous act — some called it foolish, others suicidal.

But Raleth believed the giants were not enemies.

He believed they were trying to communicate.

The plains were silent as the humans approached the watering hole.

Then the ground trembled.

The Scarred Matriarch emerged from the tall grass, her herd behind her. But this time, she did not posture. She did not roar. She did not advance.

She waited.

Raleth stepped forward alone.

He placed his torch on the ground. He knelt. He bowed his head.

The Matriarch lowered hers in return.

A moment of stillness passed between them — a fragile bridge of trust.

Then she did something no giant had ever done.

She pushed the shard of sky-metal toward him.

It glowed softly in the dust.

Raleth stared, breathless. He touched it — and the same pulse of memory surged through him.

He saw the ship. He saw the sacrifice. He saw the world from above.

He understood.

The giants had not come to attack. They had come to warn the humans about the shard — about the danger it represented, about the memory it carried, about the truth buried in the sky.

Raleth looked up at the Matriarch, tears in his eyes.

“You… you remember,” he whispered.

She rumbled softly — a sound like distant thunder, but gentle.

A sound of agreement.

The humans returned to their settlement with the shard. The giants watched them go, not with fear, but with hope.

For the first time, both species understood:

They shared a history. They shared a danger. They shared a future.

And far above, cutting through the void, the Tellebit search vessel continued its journey toward the blue world.

Toward the giants who remembered the sky-fire. Toward the humans who now held a piece of the Glowing Star. Toward the truth of Zevuith’s sacrifice.

The world was ready.

The galaxy was not.

Chapter Eight

The Vessel of Questions

The announcement was scheduled at dusk, when the twin moons hung low over the crystalline spires of the capital. The Tellebit people gathered in the Plaza of Echoes — a vast amphitheatre carved from living stone, its surface shimmering with soft bioluminescent patterns that pulsed like a heartbeat.

A heartbeat that once belonged to the Glowing Star.

Tonight, they would learn the name of the ship that would follow its final path.

Tonight, they would meet the crew who would carry the weight of a world’s unanswered questions.

Tonight, the silence would finally be confronted.

The Searcher

The Luminous Veil

When the High Speaker stepped onto the central platform, the plaza fell silent.

A holographic projection bloomed above her — a sleek, elegant vessel shaped like a crescent of woven light. Its hull shimmered with adaptive shielding, its engines glowing with soft blue radiance.

“This,” the High Speaker said, her voice steady, “is *The Luminous Veil*.”

A murmur rippled through the crowd.

The Luminous Veil was not an explorer. It was not built for discovery or diplomacy. It was built for **caution**.

A ship designed to observe before approaching. To shield before speaking. To retreat before risking another loss.

Its purpose was simple:

Find the truth. Return home.

Nothing more. Nothing less.

The Crew of the Luminous Veil

The hologram shifted, revealing four figures — the chosen crew.

1. Navigator Suthen — The One Who Remembered

The elder who first traced the Glowing Star’s final path. His eyes carried the weight of decades of star-mapping and the quiet grief of losing a student he had once mentored.

He would guide the vessel. He would follow the last heartbeat of the Glowing Star.

2. Commander Vethira — The Young Voice of Hope

The youngest councillor, now stepping into a new role. Brilliant, empathetic, and unafraid to challenge tradition.

She believed Zevuith might have made contact. She believed the silence might not be death. She believed the unknown deserved compassion, not fear.

Her presence was controversial — but necessary.

3. Archivist Lethuun — Keeper of Memory

A specialist in xenocultural analysis, trained to interpret signals, artifacts, and patterns of behaviour.

If the Glowing Star had encountered another species, Lethuun would be the one to understand them.

He carried with him the entire recorded history of Tellebit exploration — and the hope of adding a new chapter.

4. Shieldmaster Ral’kor — The Reluctant Protector

Tall, solemn, and scarred from past conflicts. He had argued against the mission, fearing the unknown threat that might have destroyed the Glowing Star.

But when the council chose to go, he volunteered.

“Better I face the danger,” he had said, “than another young explorer.”

His presence reassured the fearful — and unsettled the hopeful.

The People React

As each name was spoken, the crowd responded with a mix of pride, fear, and something deeper:

Resolve.

They had lost the Glowing Star. They had lost Zevuith. They had lost the certainty that the galaxy was safe.

But they had not lost their courage.

The High Speaker raised her hands.

“The Luminous Veil will depart at first light. It will follow the path of the Glowing Star. It will seek the truth of our lost child. And it will return.”

The crowd bowed their heads.

Some in prayer. Some in sorrow. Some in hope.

A Private Moment Before Departure

Later that night, in the quiet of the launch bay, Navigator Suthen stood alone before the Luminous Veil. The ship’s hull glowed softly, as though sensing his presence.

He placed his hand on the smooth surface.

“Zevuith,” he whispered, “we are coming.”

Behind him, Commander Vethira approached.

“Do you think we’ll find him?” she asked.

Suthen closed his eyes.

“I think,” he said softly, we will understand his fate.

He did not add the rest:

And I fear what is to come.

Chapter Nine

The Memory of Light

The shard pulsed softly in Raleth’s hands, its glow shifting like a heartbeat. The humans gathered around him in silence, their faces lit by the strange blue radiance. The giants stood at the edge of the clearing — massive silhouettes against the dusk — watching with a patience that felt ancient.

The Scarred Matriarch lowered her head, rumbling a low, resonant note.

She remembered this light.

She remembered the sky-fire.

And now, the humans did too.

The shard was not just metal. It was not just debris. It was a fragment of the Glowing Star’s memory core — a living piece of the ship’s final moments.

When touched, it revealed:

Images burned into the mind: The asteroid breaking apart, Zevuith’s hands on the controls, The blue world rising beneath him and the explosion that saved everything. Thay felt the fear, determination, his acceptance and finally hope that his actions will mean something to someone

The shard vibrated when other fragments were nearby. A faint hum. A pull. A direction.

It wanted to be whole again.

Humans

When Raleth touched the shard, the memories came as visions — overwhelming, vivid, almost too much for a human mind.

He saw the world from orbit. He saw the asteroid. He saw Zevuith’s sacrifice.

It changed him.

It changed all who touched it.

Giants

For the giants, the shard did not show images. It stirred something deeper — instinct, memory, inherited fear.

The Scarred Matriarch felt:

To her, the shard was not a story.

It was a **warning**.

The Decision to Seek More Shards

That night, humans and giants gathered around the fire — a circle of small flames and enormous shadows.

Raleth spoke first.

“There are more pieces,” he said. “The shard calls to them. If we find them, we may understand what happened in the sky.”

The elders murmured. Some feared the shards. Some feared the giants. Some feared the truth.

But the Scarred Matriarch stepped forward.

She stomped once — a signal of agreement.

Then twice — a signal of urgency.

Raleth nodded.

“She knows where to start.”

Chapter TEN

The First Joint Expedition

At dawn, they set out:

The shard hummed in Raleth’s hand, pulling them north.

Toward the cliffs. Toward the place where the young ridge-back had found the first fragment. Toward something buried deep in the earth.

Humans learned to walk in the giants’ wake, stepping where the ground was safest. Giants learned to slow their pace, mindful of the fragile creatures beside them.

They shared food. They shared water. They shared silence.

And slowly, they shared trust.

The Second Shard

By midday, the shard’s hum grew stronger.

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled, signalling the group to stop. She scraped her massive tusk against the ground, revealing a faint blue glow beneath the soil.

Raleth knelt and brushed away the dirt.

Another shard.

Larger. Brighter. Still warm.

When he touched it, the memories surged again — but this time, something new appeared:

A star map. A trajectory. A final message encoded in light.

Zevuith's voice — faint, fragmented, but unmistakable:

"If you find this… I hope you lived."

Raleth staggered back, tears in his eyes.

The giants rumbled in sorrow.

The humans bowed their heads.

The world felt suddenly smaller — and infinitely larger.

The Path Ahead

The shards were calling. The memories were awakening. The truth was rising from the earth.

And far above, the Luminous Veil was drawing closer.

Soon, the Tellebits would arrive.

And when they did, they would find:

Humans and giants standing together

Shards glowing with memory

A world shaped by sacrifice

A planet whose inhabitants are ready to speak as one.

Chapter Eleven

The Heart of the Fallen Star

The shard pulsed again — brighter, sharper, almost frantic.

Raleth staggered as a new surge of memory hit him. Not a creature. Not a predator.

A machine.

A core.

A piece of the Glowing Star’s **power plant** — the heart of the ship — torn free during the explosion and hurled toward the planet.

A piece never meant to touch a world.

A piece still alive.

Still active.

Still dangerous.

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled in fear, her massive frame trembling. She had felt this presence for years — a vibration in the earth, a hum beneath the mountains, a wrongness in the air.

Now Raleth understood why.

The shard’s glow sharpened into a beam of light, projecting a fractured memory:

Raleth gasped.

The giants roared.

The humans stared in horror.

The shard dimmed, exhausted.

The Danger Beneath the Mountains

Raleth spoke first, voice shaking.

“The giants weren’t warning us about a creature. They were warning us about… this.”

He held up the shard.

“The power core. A piece of it survived the fall. It’s still active. And if it ruptures—”

He couldn’t finish.

He didn’t need to.

The Scarred Matriarch stomped once — a signal of **catastrophe**.

The ridge-backs rumbled in agreement. The tuskhorn scout pawed the ground anxiously. Even the night predator hissed in fear.

The humans looked at one another, pale and silent.

A living creature could be fought.

A machine like this — alien, unstable, powerful — could **end everything**.

Raleth felt the shard warming again. It wasn’t showing memories this time.

It was **reaching out**.

The shard was designed to interface with alien minds — to translate, to connect to guide. And now it was trying to do something new: **Synchronize.**

Raleth placed his hand on the shard. The Scarred Matriarch placed her trunk beside his.

The shard flared.

And suddenly—

They saw the same image:

A cavern deep beneath the mountains. A pulsing blue sphere. Cracks spreading across its surface. Energy leaking like smoke. A countdown neither species could read.

The core was failing.

Slowly. Inevitably. Fatally.

That night, under the shadow of the mountains, humans and giants gathered in a circle — then Raleth stood between them.

“We must find the core,” he said. “We must reach it before it ruptures.”

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled a deep, solemn note.

Agreement. But also warning.

Raleth nodded.

“She says the core is guarded by the earth itself. The mountains have shifted around it. The ground is unstable. The air is poisoned.”

The elders murmured. The giants stomped.

The shard pulsed.

There was no choice.

The Joint Expedition Begins

At dawn, the largest mixed group ever assembled set out toward the mountains:

The shard hummed louder with every step.

The air grew colder. The ground trembled. The sky darkened.

They were close.

Too close.

As they reached the mouth of a vast cavern, the shard flared so brightly it illuminated the entire valley.

Raleth felt the memory surge again — clearer than ever:

Zevuith’s voice, calm but urgent:

“If the core survives… it must be contained. If it ruptures… the world will burn.”

Raleth’s breath caught. The giants roared in fear. The humans froze.

The shard dimmed.

The cavern pulsed with blue light.

The core was inside.

Alive. Unstable. Dying.

And if they failed…

The world Zevuith died to save would be lost forever.

Chapter Twelve

The Luminous Veil Enters the System

The Luminous Veil slipped out of fold space with the grace of a falling feather, its hull shimmering as it re-aligned to real space physics. For a moment, the ship drifted in silence, suspended in the black ocean between stars.

Then the sensors awakened.

Panels along the vessel’s spine unfolded like petals, releasing a soft blue glow as they scanned the system ahead.

Navigator Suthen exhaled slowly.

“There it is,” he whispered. “The star Zevuith saw.”

A warm yellow sun burned at the centre of the system, surrounded by a family of planets. Gas giants. Frozen worlds. Dust belts.

And one world of blue.

(The world Zevuith died to protect.)

Commander Vethira leaned forward in her chair, eyes wide with awe.

“It’s beautiful,” she murmured. “Alive. Untouched.”

Archivist Lithium’s fingers danced across his console, pulling up spectral readings.

“Oceans. Dense atmosphere. Complex biosphere. Multiple large landmasses. This world is… thriving.”

Shield master Ral’kor stood rigid, arms crossed.

“Thriving worlds can still be dangerous.”

Suthen nodded.

The bridge fell silent.

The Luminous Veil drifted closer.

The Luminous Veil drifted deeper into the system, its sensors sweeping the blue world below. The bridge was quiet, the crew focused, the air thick with anticipation.

Then the calm shattered.

The sensor officer’s voice cracked through the silence, tight with alarm.

“Sir… there is something else showing on the sensors.”

Navigator Suthen turned sharply. “Define ‘something else.’”

The officer swallowed.

“I’m picking up a signature on the planet’s surface. It matches the Glowing Star’s **main reactor core**.”

The bridge froze.

Commander Vethira’s eyes widened. “That’s impossible. The core should have been jettisoned before the explosion.”

The officer shook his head.

“Not all of it, ma’am. A fragment survived. And… it’s active.”

Shield master Ral’kor stepped forward, voice low and grim.

“How unstable?”

The officer’s hands trembled over the console.

“If it goes critical, it will take out the planet. And possibly us.”

A cold silence fell over the bridge.

Suthen’s voice was barely a whisper. “How long?”

The officer hesitated, then forced the words out.

“About one of their years… but the damage is severe. Any movement — seismic, atmospheric, even gravitational — could set it off sooner.”

Vethira’s breath caught.

(So, the world Zevuith saved… is sitting on a bomb.)

The officer nodded.

“And it’s ticking.”

The crew stared at the blue world below — beautiful, alive, unaware of the danger buried beneath its mountains.

Suthen closed his eyes.

“We must find the core. And we must not let it detonate.”

Ral’kor’s jaw tightened.

“Then we are already out of time.” Inevitability:

We are not alone.

The sensor screen again. What is it now Ral ’kor’s voice boomed. There are creatures nearing the core, what hot all people, some are his voice caught for a moment, there are animals with them large ones it looks like they are working together.

We must get there before the core is moved. How long till we can land.

A voice came back about 4 of their hours.

How far are they away from the core. We should get there 3 hours before sir.

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Chapter Eight

The Vessel of Questions

The announcement was scheduled at dusk, when the twin moons hung low over the crystalline spires of the capital. The Tellebit people gathered in the Plaza of Echoes — a vast amphitheatre carved from living stone, its surface shimmering with soft bioluminescent patterns that pulsed like a heartbeat.

A heartbeat that once belonged to the Glowing Star.

Tonight, they would learn the name of the ship that would follow its final path.

Tonight, they would meet the crew who would carry the weight of a world's unanswered questions.

Tonight, the silence would finally be confronted.

The Searcher-Class Vessel — *The Luminous Veil*

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A holographic projection bloomed above her — a sleek, elegant vessel shaped like a crescent of woven light. Its hull shimmered with adaptive shielding, its engines glowing with soft blue radiance.

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A murmur rippled through the crowd.

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A ship designed to observe before approaching. To shield before speaking. To retreat before risking another loss.

Its purpose was simple:

Find the truth. Return home.

Nothing more. Nothing less.

The Crew of the Luminous Veil

The hologram shifted, revealing four figures — the chosen crew.

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The elder who first traced the Glowing Star's final path. His eyes carried the weight of decades of star-mapping and the quiet grief of losing a student he had once mentored.

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“Better I face the danger,” he had said, “than another young explorer.”

His presence reassured the fearful — and unsettled the hopeful.

The People React

As each name was spoken, the crowd responded with a mix of pride, fear, and something deeper:

Resolve.

They had lost the Glowing Star. They had lost Zevuith. They had lost the certainty that the galaxy was safe.

But they had not lost their courage.

The High Speaker raised her hands.

“The Luminous Veil will depart at first light. It will follow the path of the fallen star. It will seek the truth of our lost child. And it will return.”

The crowd bowed their heads.

Some in prayer. Some in sorrow. Some in hope.

A Private Moment Before Departure

Later that night, in the quiet of the launch bay, Navigator Suthen stood alone before the Luminous Veil. The ship’s hull glowed softly, as though sensing his presence.

He placed his hand on the smooth surface.

“Zevuith,” he whispered, “we are coming.”

Behind him, Commander Vethira approached.

“Do you think we’ll find him?” she asked.

Suthen closed his eyes.

“I think,” he said softly, “that we will find the world he died to protect.”

He did not add the rest:

And I fear what that world has become.

Chapter Nine — The Memory of Light

The shard pulsed softly in Raleth’s hands, its glow shifting like a heartbeat. The humans gathered around him in silence, their faces lit by the strange blue radiance. The giants stood at the edge of the clearing — massive silhouettes against the dusk — watching with a patience that felt ancient.

The Scarred Matriarch lowered her head, rumbling a low, resonant note.

She remembered this light.

She remembered the sky-fire.

And now, the humans did too.

The Shard’s Abilities

The shard was not just metal. It was not just debris. It was a fragment of the Glowing Star’s memory core — a living piece of the ship’s final moments.

When touched, it revealed:

1. Visual Memory

Images burned into the mind:

The asteroid breaking apart. Zevuith’s hands on the controls. The blue world rising beneath him

The explosion that saved everything.

2. Emotional Echo

Not thoughts — but feelings:

Zevuith’s fear. His determination. His acceptance

His final hope

3. Resonance Detection

The shard vibrated when other fragments were nearby. A faint hum. A pull. A direction.

It wanted to be whole again.

Humans and Giants Experience the Shard Differently

Humans

When Raleth touched the shard, the memories came as visions — overwhelming, vivid, almost too much for a human mind.

He saw the world from orbit. He saw the asteroid. He saw Zevuith's sacrifice.

It changed him.

It changed all who touched it.

Giants

For the giants, the shard did not show images. It stirred something deeper — instinct, memory, inherited fear.

The Scarred Matriarch felt:

The shockwave she had survived as a calf. The warmth of the sky-fire

The echo of a presence she could not name

To her, the shard was not a story.

It was a **warning**.

The Decision to Seek More Shards

That night, humans and giants gathered around the fire — a circle of small flames and enormous shadows.

Raleth spoke first.

"There are more pieces," he said. "The shard calls to them. If we find them, we may understand what happened in the sky."

The elders murmured. Some feared the shards. Some feared the giants. Some feared the truth.

But the Scarred Matriarch stepped forward.

She stomped once — a signal of agreement.

Then twice — a signal of urgency.

Raleth nodded.

"She knows where to start."

The First Joint Expedition

At dawn, they set out:

The shard hummed in Raleth’s hand, pulling them north.

Toward the cliffs. Toward the place where the young ridge-back had found the first fragment. Toward something buried deep in the earth.

The Journey

Humans learned to walk in the giants’ wake, stepping where the ground was safest. Giants learned to slow their pace, mindful of the fragile creatures beside them.

They shared food. They shared water. They shared silence.

And slowly, they shared trust.

The Second Shard

By midday, the shard’s hum grew stronger.

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled, signaling the group to stop. She scraped her massive tusk against the ground, revealing a faint blue glow beneath the soil.

Raleth knelt and brushed away the dirt.

Another shard.

Larger. Brighter. Still warm.

When he touched it, the memories surged again — but this time, something new appeared:

A star map. A trajectory. A final message encoded in light.

Zevuith’s voice — faint, fragmented, but unmistakable:

“If you find this… I hope you lived.”

Raleth staggered back, tears in his eyes.

The giants rumbled in sorrow.

The humans bowed their heads.

The world felt suddenly smaller — and infinitely larger.

The Path Ahead

The shards were calling. The memories were awakening. The truth was rising from the earth.

And far above, the Luminous Veil was drawing closer.

Soon, the Tellebits would arrive.

And when they did, they would find:

A world shaped by sacrifice. A planet ready to speak

Chapter Ten

The First Shared Voice

The shard pulsed brighter than ever before.

Raleth felt its warmth spreading through his palm, a soft vibration that resonated up his arm and into his chest. Across from him, the Scarred Matriarch lowered her massive head, her tusks gleaming in the firelight. Her eyes — ancient, dark, and full of memory — fixed on the shard.

The air between them shimmered.

Something was about to happen.

Something no human or giant had ever experienced.

The Shard’s Hidden Power Awakens

Until now, the shard had shown only memories — flashes of Zevuith’s final moments, the sky-fire, the world from orbit.

But the shard was more than a recorder.

It was a **translator**.

A bridge. A conduit. A device designed to interface with alien minds — to communicate across species.

When Raleth and the Matriarch touched it at the same time, the shard reacted.

Its glow intensified. Its hum deepened. Its surface rippled like liquid light.

And then—

Their minds touched.

It was not speech. It was not thought. It was something in between — a shared emotional landscape, a merging of instinct and memory.

For the first time in history, a human and a giant understood each other.

Not through words. Not through gestures. But through **shared truth**.

The connection lasted only seconds — but it changed everything.

When the shard dimmed, both stepped back, trembling.

Raleth whispered, “You… you were warning us.”

The Matriarch rumbled softly — a sound of agreement, of relief.

The humans watching gasped. The giants watching stilled.

A bridge had been built.

The Decision to Seek All the Shards

Raleth turned to the elders.

“She showed me,” he said. “There are more shards. Many more. Scattered across the land. If we gather them, we can understand everything — the sky-fire, the sacrifice, the danger.”

The Scarred Matriarch stomped once — a signal of urgency.

Raleth nodded.

“She says we must hurry.”

The elders exchanged uneasy glances.

“Why?” one asked.

Raleth swallowed.

“Because something else fell with the shards. Something dangerous. Something the giants have sensed for years.”

The Matriarch rumbled again — a deep, warning note.

The humans shivered. The giants shifted uneasily.

The shard pulsed. The truth was rising.

At dawn, humans and giants gathered again — not as enemies, not as rivals, but as partners.

Together, they formed the largest mixed group the world had ever seen.

The shard hummed, pointing them toward the mountains.

Toward a cluster of fragments buried deep in the earth. Toward the heart of the sky-fire’s fall. Toward the truth Zevuith left behind.

As they travelled, the shard’s resonance grew stronger — but so did something else.

A vibration in the ground. A scent on the wind. A tension in the giants’ bodies.

The Matriarch stopped suddenly, rumbling a low, fearful note.

Raleth touched the shard.

A flash of memory surged through him: Zevuith’s ship breaking apart, A piece of the asteroid tumbling toward the planet

Raleth gasped.

“The giants weren’t warning us about the shards,” he whispered.

“They were warning us about what came with them.”

The Matriarch stomped once — hard.

Agreement.

Urgency.

Fear.

The humans looked at each other.

The giants looked toward the mountains.

The shard pulsed like a heartbeat.

Something was waiting.

Something ancient. Something dangerous. Something that had survived the sky-fire.

And now, humans and giants would face it together.

Chapter Eleven — The Heart of the Fallen Star

The shard pulsed again — brighter, sharper, almost frantic.

Raleth staggered as a new surge of memory hit him. Not a creature. Not a predator.

A machine.

A core.

A piece of the Glowing Star’s **power plant** — the heart of the ship — torn free during the explosion and hurled toward the planet.

A piece never meant to touch a world.

A piece still alive.

Still active.

Still dangerous.

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled in fear, her massive frame trembling. She had felt this presence for years — a vibration in the earth, a hum beneath the mountains, a wrongness in the air.

Now Raleth understood why.

The shard’s glow sharpened into a beam of light, projecting a fractured memory:

Raleth gasped.

The giants roared.

The humans stared in horror.

The shard dimmed, exhausted.

Raleth spoke first, voice shaking.

“The giants weren’t warning us about a creature. They were warning us about… this.”

He held up the shard.

“The power core. A piece of it survived the fall. It’s still active. And if it ruptures—”

He couldn’t finish. He didn’t need to.

The Scarred Matriarch stomped once — a signal of **catastrophe**.

The ridge-backs rumbled in agreement. The tuskhorn scout pawed the ground anxiously. Even the night predator hissed in fear.

The humans looked at one another, pale and silent.

A living creature could be fought.

A machine like this — alien, unstable, powerful — could **end everything**.

Raleth felt the shard warming again.

It wasn’t showing memories this time.

It was **reaching out**.

The shard was designed to interface with alien minds — to translate, to connect to guide. And now it was trying to do something new:

Synchronize.

Raleth placed his hand on the shard. The Scarred Matriarch placed her trunk beside his.

The shard flared.

And suddenly—

They saw the same image:

A cavern deep beneath the mountains. A pulsing blue sphere. Cracks spreading across its surface. Energy leaking like smoke. A countdown neither species could read.

The core was failing.

Slowly. Inevitably. Fatally.

That night, under the shadow of the mountains, humans and giants gathered in a circle — the first council in the world's history.

Raleth stood between them.

"We must find the core," he said. "We must reach it before it ruptures."

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled a deep, solemn note.

Agreement.

But also warning.

Raleth nodded.

"She says the core is guarded by the earth itself. The mountains have shifted around it. The ground is unstable. The air is poisoned."

The elders murmured. The giants stomped. The shard pulsed. There was no choice.

At dawn, the largest mixed group ever assembled set out toward the mountains:

The shard hummed louder with every step.

The air grew colder. The ground trembled. The sky darkened.

They were close.

Too close.

The Final Revelation

As they reached the mouth of a vast cavern, the shard flared so brightly it illuminated the entire valley.

Raleth felt the memory surge again — clearer than ever:

Zevuith's voice, calm but urgent:

"If the core survives… it must be contained. If it ruptures… the world will burn."

Raleth's breath caught.

The giants roared in fear. The humans froze.

The shard dimmed.

The cavern pulsed with blue light.

The core was inside.

Alive. Unstable. Dying.

And if they failed…

The world Zevuith died to save would be lost forever.

Chapter Twelve — The Luminous Veil Enters the System

The Luminous Veil slipped out of fold space with the grace of a falling feather, its hull shimmering as it re-aligned to real space physics. For a moment, the ship drifted in silence, suspended in the black ocean between stars.

Then the sensors awakened.

Panels along the vessel's spine unfolded like petals, releasing a soft blue glow as they scanned the system ahead.

Navigator Suthen exhaled slowly.

"There it is," he whispered. "The star Zevuith saw."

A warm yellow sun burned at the center of the system, surrounded by a family of planets. Gas giants. Frozen worlds. Dust belts.

And one world of blue.

The world Zevuith died to protect.

The Crew Reacts

Commander Vethira leaned forward in her chair, eyes wide with awe.

“It’s beautiful,” she murmured. “Alive. Untouched.”

Archivist Lethuun’s fingers danced across his console, pulling up spectral readings.

“Oceans. Dense atmosphere. Complex biosphere. Multiple large landmasses. This world is… thriving.”

Shield master Ral’kor stood rigid, arms crossed.

“Thriving worlds can still be dangerous.”

Suthen nodded.

“Especially when a piece of our own power core may have fallen there.”

The bridge fell silent.

The Luminous Veil drifted closer.

The First Signs of the Shards

As the ship approached the blue planet, the shard Raleth carried on the surface pulsed faintly — and the Luminous Veil felt it.

A soft chime echoed through the bridge.

“Unidentified resonance detected,” Lethuun reported. “Frequency… Tellebit in origin. Very old. Very faint.”

Vethira’s breath caught.

“A signal from the Glowing Star?”

“No,” Lethuun said slowly. “Not a signal. A reflection. Something on the planet is echoing our technology.”

Suthen closed his eyes.

“The shards.”

Ral’kor’s voice was low.

“If the core fragment is active, it may be emitting unstable energy.”

Vethira turned sharply.

“Then we must warn them.”

Suthen shook his head.

“We don’t know who ‘them’ is yet.”

The Blue World Comes Into View

The Luminous Veil descended into the outer atmosphere, its shields shimmering as they adjusted to the planet’s magnetic field.

Clouds swirled below. Oceans glittered. Storms rolled across continents.

And on the largest landmass, faint heat signatures flickered — fires, settlements, movement.

Life.

Intelligent life.

Vethira’s voice trembled.

“Zevuith… you found them.”

Lethuun magnified the image.

Small clusters of structures. Herds of massive creatures. Patterns of movement that suggested planning, not instinct.

Ral’kor frowned.

“They are not primitive.”

The Core’s Signature Detected

Suddenly, alarms chimed.

A spike of energy flared on the sensors — deep beneath a mountain range.

Lethuun’s eyes widened.

“That’s it. The core fragment. It’s active. Very active.”

Ral’kor stepped forward.

“Is it stable?”

Lethuun hesitated.

“No.”

The bridge darkened as a hologram of the planet appeared, highlighting the unstable energy source.

“If it ruptures,” Lethuun continued, “the explosion could sterilize the entire hemisphere.”

Vethira’s voice broke.

“Zevuith saved this world… and now our technology might destroy it.”

Suthen placed a hand on her shoulder.

“Then we will not let that happen.”

Before they could plan their next move, the ship’s comms flickered.

A pulse. A vibration. A resonance.

The shard on the surface — the one Raleth carried — was responding to the Luminous Veil.

And then—

A burst of data hit the ship.

Images. Emotions. Memories.

Zevuith’s final moments. The giants’ fear. The humans’ struggle. The joint expedition approaching the core.

The crew staggered as the memories washed over them.

Vethira whispered, “They’re trying to communicate.”

Suthen nodded.

“They know about the core.”

Ral’kor’s voice was grim.

“And they’re heading straight toward it.”

The Decision

The High Speaker’s orders had been clear:

Observe. Do not interfere. Return safely.

But the crew of the Luminous Veil looked at one another — and knew those orders no longer mattered.

Vethira stepped forward.

“We must make contact.”

Suthen nodded.

“We must help them.”

Lethuun added, “We must contain the core.”

Ral’kor sighed, placing his hand on the console.

“And we must pray we are not too late.”

The Luminous Veil angled its descent.

The blue world rose to meet them.

And far below, humans and giants stood at the mouth of the cavern — unaware that help was finally coming from the sky.

Chapter Thirteen

When the Sky Opened

The Luminous Veil broke through the upper atmosphere in a shimmer of blue light, its shields glowing like a falling star. Clouds parted around it, swirling in spirals as the ship descended with impossible grace.

On the surface, the world felt it.

The shard in Raleth’s hand flared so brightly he nearly dropped it. The Scarred Matriarch trumpeted in alarm. Birds scattered from the treetops. Predators fled into the shadows.

The sky was opening.

And something was coming through.

Aboard the Luminous Veil

The bridge trembled as atmospheric drag gripped the hull.

“Shields stable,” Lethuun reported, though his voice shook. “Descent vector locked,” Suthen added. “Maintain altitude at ten thousand spans,” Ral’kor ordered. “We don’t know how they’ll react.”

Vethira stood at the front of the bridge, eyes fixed on the blue world below.

“Prepare for first contact.”

The crew exchanged tense glances.

This was no longer a search mission. This was a moment that would define their species.

The First Sight of the Expedition

As the ship dipped beneath the clouds, the sensors locked onto a cluster of heat signatures near the mountains.

Lethuun magnified the image.

The crew gasped.

Humans — small, agile, carrying tools and torches. Giants — towering, powerful, moving with deliberate caution. Predators — shadowing the group like silent guardians.

And at the centre of them all:

A glowing shard.

The shard.

The one that had sent them memories.

Vethira whispered, “They’re working together.”

Suthen nodded slowly.

“Zevuith… what did you start here?”

The Sky-Fire Returns

On the ground, the humans and giants stared upward as the Luminous Veil descended through the clouds.

Raleth felt the shard vibrating violently, as if trying to leap from his hand.

The Scarred Matriarch stomped in fear and awe. The ridge-backs bellowed. The tuskhorn scout lowered its head. Even the night predator crouched low, ears flat.

The ship’s hull glowed like the sky-fire of legend.

Asha of the Ember Path had seen such light only in stories.

Now her descendants saw it with their own eyes.

A soft hum filled the air — not thunder, not wind, but something precise, controlled, intelligent.

A beam of pale blue light extended from the ship, touching the ground gently, like a hand reaching out.

Raleth stepped forward instinctively.

The shard in his hand pulsed in perfect rhythm with the beam.

Lithium’s voice echoed from the ship’s speakers, carefully modulated, gentle:

“We come in peace. We seek the fallen star. We seek the one who saved your world.”

The humans gasped. The giants rumbled. The shard flared.

Raleth raised it high.

“We know,” he shouted. “We carry his memory!”

The Scarred Matriarch stepped beside him, lowering her massive head toward the beam.

The Luminous Veil’s crew watched in stunned silence.

Vethira whispered, “They understand us.”

Suthen corrected her softly.

“No… they understand *him*.”

The beam widened, forming a shimmering curtain of light.

Raleth felt a pull — gentle, inviting.

The Matriarch felt it too.

Together, human and giant stepped into the light.

The shard glowed brighter than ever before.

On the bridge, alarms chimed softly.

“Energy resonance increasing,” Lethuun said. “It’s synchronizing with the shard,” Suthen murmured. Ral’kor stepped forward. “Brace for—”

A burst of light filled the bridge.

A burst of light filled the valley.

A burst of memory filled every mind connected to the shard.

Zevuith’s voice — clear, calm, alive:

“If you are hearing this… then you are not alone.”

The world froze. The crew froze. Raleth froze. The giants froze.

The sky itself seemed to hold its breath.

The light faded. The beam dimmed. The shard cooled.

But nothing was the same.

Vethira’s voice trembled.

“We’ve made contact.”

Suthen nodded.

“And they’ve been waiting for us.”

Ral’kor stared at the mountains.

“The core is still unstable. We must act quickly.”

Lethuun looked at the humans and giants standing together in the beam.

“We won’t be doing this alone.”

On the ground, Raleth looked up at the ship.

“We need your help,” he said.

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled beside him.

“And we need yours,” Vethira replied.

The Luminous Veil lowered further.

The humans stepped forward.

The giants stepped forward.

The shard pulsed between them.

And for the first time in the history of the galaxy:

Three species stood together.

Not as strangers. Not as enemies. But as allies.

Ready to face the danger buried beneath the mountains.

Ready to save the world Zevuith died to protect.

Chapter Fourteen

The Last Light of Zevuith

The cavern mouth glowed with an eerie blue radiance, pulsing like a heartbeat buried deep within the earth. The humans and giants stood at its threshold, the shard trembling violently in Raleth’s hand.

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled in distress. The ridge-backs shifted uneasily. Even the night predator hissed, fur bristling.

Something was wrong.

Very wrong.

The shard’s glow intensified until it was almost blinding.

Raleth staggered. Vethira shielded her eyes. Suthen whispered, “It’s happening.”

And then—

The shard spoke.

The Full Message of Zevuith

Light erupted from the shard, forming a shimmering sphere above the ground. The air vibrated with a soft, harmonic hum — the same hum the Glowing Star once made when its engines were at full power.

A figure appeared within the light.

Zevuith.

Not flesh. Not spirit. A memory. A final echo.

His voice was calm, steady, heartbreakingly young.

“If you are seeing this… then I did not return.”

The humans froze. The giants bowed their heads. The crew of the Luminous Veil stood in stunned silence.

Zevuith continued.

“The asteroid was too large. The impact would have ended the world below. I diverted the Glowing Star into its path. The collision destroyed the ship… but it saved the planet.”

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled a deep, mournful note.

Zevuith’s image flickered, then stabilized.

“But the power core… it did not fully eject. A fragment broke free. It is unstable. If it ruptures, it will release enough energy to burn the atmosphere.”

Raleth felt his heart drop.

Vethira whispered, “He knew.”

“I am sorry,” Zevuith said softly. **“I saved your world… but I may have doomed it too.”**

The shard dimmed for a moment, as if grieving.

Then Zevuith’s voice grew stronger.

“If you find this message, you must work together. Human. Giant. Tellebit. Only together can you reach the core. Only together can you contain it.”

The light flickered again.

“I believe in you. All of you.”

The image dissolved.

The shard fell silent.

The Core Begins to Fail

A deep, resonant boom echoed from within the mountain.

The ground shook violently. Dust rained from the cavern ceiling. A wave of heat rolled outward.

Lethuun checked his scanner, eyes widening in horror.

“The core’s energy output just spiked. It’s destabilizing faster than predicted.”

Ral’kor stepped forward.

“How long?”

Lethuun swallowed hard.

“Hours. Maybe less.”

Vethira’s voice broke.

“We thought we had a year.”

Suthen shook his head.

“The core must have sensed our approach. Or the shard’s activation triggered a feedback loop.”

Raleth looked toward the cavern, heart pounding.

“We must go in. Now.”

The Scarred Matriarch stomped once — hard — a signal of urgency and agreement.

The giants roared. The humans readied their tools. The Tellebits activated their shielding gear.

The mountain rumbled again, louder this time.

The core was waking.

And if they didn’t reach it soon, the world Zevuith died to protect would be lost.

The joint team surged forward:

The cavern grew hotter. The air shimmered. The walls glowed with blue cracks of leaking energy.

Raleth felt the shard burning in his hand.

Vethira shouted over the roar of the mountain:

“Zevuith gave us the warning. Now we must finish what he started.”

Suthen nodded.

“And save the world he gave his life for.”

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled in fierce agreement.

Together, they stepped into the darkness.

Toward the core. Toward the danger. Toward the final test of their fragile alliance.

The mountain shook again.

Time was running out.

Thay were too late!

The core exploded in a flash of light and heat everyone in the cavern near the core was vaporised instantly. The village gave way to the heat about 15 minutes later, by the end of the day the hole planet was just char. All life was wiped out, just as if the rock hit. Zevuith courageous act was for nothing.

The Tellebits learned about the destruction of the plant and the ship they sent to find Zevuith when the Luminous Veil did not return.

Centuries have gone by the planet cooled down ash has fallen out of the sky allowing the rays of the sun to touch the ground. An amazing thig

started to happen a seed begun to grow in the coming weeks, some creatures who bug under the ground survive the destruction and are now the new inhabitants of this world.

Chapter Fifteen

Holding Up the World

The mountain roared.

Not a tremor. Not a rumble. A full, violent convulsion that sent rocks crashing from the cavern ceiling and dust billowing through the air like smoke.

The unstable core was waking.

Raleth stumbled as the ground lurched beneath him. The shard in his hand burned like a star. The Scarred Matriarch trumpeted in alarm, her massive frame bracing against the shaking earth.

Behind them, the Luminous Veil hovered low over the valley, its engines glowing white-blue as it prepared to intervene.

They were out of time.

A thunderous crack split the air as a massive slab of stone tore free from the ceiling.

Raleth shouted, “Move!”

But the giants were already acting.

Two ridge-backs surged forward, planting their colossal shoulders beneath the falling rock. Their legs trembled, muscles straining, but they held — buying precious seconds.

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled a command, and the tuskhorn scout charged to brace another collapsing pillar.

Humans scrambled across the cavern floor, clearing debris, guiding giants to weak points, shouting warnings as the mountain groaned around them.

The night predator darted through the chaos, pulling a young human away from a falling boulder with a swift, precise strike of its tail.

This was no longer a world divided.

This was a world fighting together.

The Core Chamber Revealed

As the dust cleared, the heart of the cavern came into view.

The Core Chamber

As we stepped into the chamber, the first thing we noticed was its age.

This place was not simply old — it was **ancient**. The walls were cracked from floor to ceiling, and long lines ran through the stone like scars left by something powerful long ago. Parts of the ceiling had already fallen. Broken slabs lay scattered across the floor, some as large as tables, others reduced to dust that shifted under our boots. It was a wonder the chamber was still standing at all.

In the centre stood the core.

For a moment none of us spoke. The heat coming from it could be felt even from the entrance. It wasn’t a normal warmth — it was a dry, burning heat that seemed to press against the skin. The surface of the core glowed faintly, not bright enough to light the entire chamber, but enough to make the cracks in the walls flicker like moving shadows. It was impossible not to wonder whether the core itself had caused the damage around it. Had it always been this powerful, or was it growing stronger with time?

The floor told its own story.

Scattered everywhere were skeletons — small ones at first, barely larger than animals, their bones blackened and brittle as if they had been burned where they fell. But further in, the remains became larger. Much larger. Some of the bones were thicker than a human arm, and others looked as if they belonged to creatures that had never been recorded before. Whatever had happened here had not only destroyed the chamber — it had destroyed everything that came too close to the core.

And now we were standing only a few steps away from it.

Some of the larger remains were half-buried beneath fallen stone, as if something had tried to escape at the last moment and failed. The thought made the silence in the chamber feel heavier. Something powerful had happened here long before we arrived, and now we were being asked to move the very thing that might have caused it.

None of us said it out loud, but we were all thinking the same thing.

This was not going to be easy.

The core floated above a cracked stone platform, suspended by flickering arcs of blue energy. Its surface was fractured, leaking streams of light that hissed like steam.

It pulsed erratically — too fast, too bright.

Lethuun scanned it, his voice cracking.

“It’s worse than we thought. The containment lattice is collapsing. If it destabilizes any further—”

Ral’kor finished grimly.

“—the planet dies.”

Vethira stepped forward, eyes blazing with determination.

“Then we stabilize it. Now.”

Above the cavern, the Luminous Veil shifted position. Panels along its hull opened like petals, revealing a ring of shimmering emitters.

Suthen’s voice echoed through the comms.

“We are initiating a remote stabilization field. Stand clear of the core.”

A beam of soft blue light lanced down through the cavern roof, threading through cracks and openings, striking the core with pinpoint precision.

The core’s violent pulsing slowed — but only slightly.

Lethuun shouted over the roar:

“It’s not enough! The core is too deep! The field can’t fully penetrate the rock!”

Ral’kor slammed a fist against the console.

“Then we move it!”

Vethira stared at him.

“Move it? It’s unstable! Any shift could—”

“—set it off,” Ral’kor finished. “Yes. But leaving it here guarantees detonation.”

The cavern shook again, harder.

Time was running out.

Giants and Humans Hold the Mountain

Another section of the ceiling buckled.

The Scarred Matriarch roared, charging forward to brace the collapsing stone. Her legs shook violently under the weight, but she held.

Raleth ran to her side, placing a hand on her flank.

“We’re here,” he whispered. “We’re with you.”

More giants joined her, forming a living wall of muscle and bone, holding up the mountain itself.

Humans climbed onto ledges, hammering wooden supports into cracks, wedging stones into shifting gaps, shouting warnings and directions.

The cavern became a symphony of survival:

Giants groaning under impossible weight, Humans racing to reinforce weak points

The shard pulsing like a frantic heartbeat, The Luminous Veil’s beam stabilizing the core

The mountain roaring in fury

Three species. One purpose.

The Plan

Vethira turned to Raleth.

“The shard — can it interface with the core?”

Raleth held it up. It pulsed in perfect rhythm with the core’s unstable light.

“Yes,” he said. “But it needs contact.”

Lithium’s eyes widened.

“If the shard synchronizes with the core, it may temporarily stabilize it — long enough for us to lift it out.”

Ral’kor nodded.

“And once it’s clear of the cavern, the Luminous Veil can envelop it in a containment field.”

Suthen’s voice crackled through the comms.

“We can hold it — but only if you get it into open air.”

Vethira looked at the collapsing cavern.

“Then we move now.”

Raleth approached the core, the shard blazing in his hand.

The energy radiating from the core was overwhelming — heat, light, vibration, all threatening to tear him apart.

The Scarred Matriarch rumbled a warning.

Raleth shook his head.

“I have to.”

He stepped forward.

The shard touched the core.

A burst of light filled the cavern.

The core’s pulsing slowed. The cracks stopped spreading. The energy stabilized — barely.

Lethuun shouted:

“It’s working! Lift it!”

The ridge-backs moved first, stepping beneath the platform. The tuskhorn scout braced the rear. The Scarred Matriarch took the front, her massive tusks glowing with reflected blue light.

Together, they lifted.

The platform groaned. The core hummed. The cavern screamed.

Humans guided them, shouting directions, clearing paths, stabilizing falling debris.

The Luminous Veil’s beam intensified, wrapping the core in a shimmering cocoon of light.

Ral ‘kor’s voice thundered over the comms.

“Get it into the open! Now!”

The giants surged forward, carrying the core toward the cavern mouth.

Behind them, the mountain began to fall.

Stone pillars cracked. Ceilings buckled. Walls split open.

Humans ran beside the giants, dodging falling rocks, pulling each other to safety.

The night predator leapt from ledge to ledge, clearing debris with lightning-fast strikes.

The shard burned in Raleth’s hand, guiding the giants with pulses of light.

They reached the entrance.

The sky opened above them.

The Luminous Veil descended, engines roaring.

“Now!” Vethira shouted.

The giants heaved the core upward.

The Luminous Veil’s containment field snapped into place, enveloping the core in a sphere of shimmering energy.

The ship strained, engines flaring white.

The core rose.

The giants stepped back.

The humans collapsed to their knees.

The mountain behind them caved in completely.

But the core was safe.

The world was safe.

For now.

chapter sixteen

The Day the World Stood Together

The Luminous Veil rose through the clouds like a second dawn, carrying the stabilized core in a shimmering containment field. Its engines glowed with soft blue light, illuminating the valley below as it ascended toward orbit.

On the ground, silence held for a heartbeat.

Then the cheering began.

Humans shouted and embraced one another, tears streaking their dust-covered faces. Giants trumpeted triumphantly, stamping the earth in rhythmic celebration. The Tellebits stood among them, overwhelmed, humbled, their luminous eyes reflecting the joy around them.

For the first time in the history of the planet, three species — born of different worlds, shaped by different histories — celebrated a victory they had earned together.

Raleth turned to the Scarred Matriarch. She lowered her massive head, touching her tusk gently to his shoulder.

A gesture of respect. A gesture of kinship.

He placed his hand on her tusk, smiling through tears.

“We did it,” he whispered.

She rumbled softly in agreement.

As the ship broke free of the atmosphere, the crew erupted into cheers.

Commander Vethira laughed — a sound of pure relief. Navigator Suthen wiped tears from his eyes. Archivist Lethuun clutched his console, whispering, “Zevuith… we finished your work.” Shield master Ral’kor allowed himself a rare smile.

The captain — steady, composed, but visibly moved — spoke softly:

“Now *that* is first contact.”

The crew cheered again, louder this time.

Not for themselves. Not for the mission.

But for the world below — the world Zevuith saved.

In orbit, the Luminous Veil extended its containment petals, forming a cradle of shimmering energy around the core. The ship’s systems hummed in harmony, adjusting the field, cooling the fragment, sealing the cracks.

Lethuun monitored the readings.

“Containment stable,” he announced. “Energy output dropping. The core is no longer a threat.”

The captain exhaled slowly.

“Prepare for descent. We owe them more than a message from the sky.”

Hours later, the Luminous Veil descended once more, this time gently, gracefully, settling in a clearing near the human village. Its hull reflected the firelight of hundreds of torches and the glow of giant eyes watching from the treelined.

Humans gathered in awe. Giants approached with reverence. Tellebits stepped out of the ship, humbled by the welcome.

The Scarred Matriarch bowed her head. The Tellebit captain bowed in return.

Two species who had never met until today — now greeting each other as allies.

Word spread across the continents.

From distant forests, humans travelled for days to reach the village. From far plains, giant herds migrated to witness the moment. From the mountains, night predators watched silently from the shadows.

They came to Honor:

Zevuith — the bravest, the selfless, the one who saved a world he had never known.

A world unlike any he had seen in his travels. A world that now knew his name.

The Tellebits stood among the gathered crowds, overwhelmed by the gratitude of an entire planet.

One elder whispered:

“He died alone… but he did not die forgotten.”

As night fell, humans lit great fires. ang songs and told stories one that touched each heart of them all the Asha’s hymn of the unified races.

Asha’s Hymn of the Unified Races

Ceremonial, slow, rising in power

Verse I — The Night of Fear

In the hush before the dawn, when the earth began to roar, shadows rose like mountains tall, and fear walked every door.

Refrain (All Races Together)

Asha of the Ember Path— guide of flame, protector all. Stand with us in memory’s light, toughest, smartest of them all.

Verse II — The Giants’ Charge

Through the walls the giants came, thunder in their stride. Towers fell like broken reeds, yet still our people tried.

Refrain (All Races Together)

Asha of the Ember Path— guide of flame, protector all. Stand with us in memory's light, toughest, smartest of them all.

Verse III — The Turning of the Tide

When hope was thin as dying coals, and every heart grew cold, Asha rose with fire bright, a courage fierce and bold.

Refrain (All Races Together)

Asha of the Ember Path— guide of flame, protector all. Stand with us in memory's light, toughest, smartest of them all.

Verse IV — The Great Diversion

She faced the leader of the beasts, alone beneath the sky. She drew him from the campfire's glow, so none but she would die.

Refrain (All Races Together)

Asha of the Ember Path— guide of flame, protector all. Stand with us in memory's light, toughest, smartest of them all.

Final Verse — The Eternal Flame

Now every race beneath the stars, from mountain, sea, and plain, sings her name in unity— her courage our refrain.

Final Refrain (All Voices, Slow and Powerful)

Asha of the Ember Path— guide of flame, protector all. Live forever in our song, toughest, smartest of them all.

Old Giants rumbled deep songs that echoed across the valley. Tellebits projected shimmering lights into the sky like falling stars. The constellation

Zevuith once loved where shared by so all will understand.

Three species. One world. One shared future.

The captain Ral 'kor stepped forward, addressing them all.

"Zevuith saved your world," she said. "But today… you saved his legacy."

The Scarred Matriarch trumpeted in agreement.

Raleth raised the shard high.

Its light pulsed softly — peacefully.

For the first time since the sky-fire, the world felt whole.

Epilogue

The Path Beyond the Sky

In the days that followed the saving of the core, the world changed.

Not suddenly. Not violently. But with the quiet certainty of a sunrise.

The Luminous Veil remained on the surface, its hull gleaming like a fallen star beside the human village. Tellebits walked among humans and giants, sharing knowledge, learning customs, listening to stories carved in stone and sung in thunderous giant rumbles.

They did not come as conquerors. They did not come as saviours. They came as **teachers** — and as friends.

The Tellebits taught: How to read the stars. How to shape metal without fear.

How to build tools that healed instead of harmed. How to harness energy safely, wisely, humbly

The humans taught**:** How to adapt. How to endure. How to turn struggle into strength. How to build community from nothing but hope.

The Legacy of Zevuith

Every night, fires were lit across the plains. Every night, giants rumbled deep songs that echoed through the valleys. Every night, humans told the story of the young explorer who gave his life for a world he had never known.

And every night, the Tellebits looked up at the stars and whispered his name.

Zevuith. The Brave. The First Friend. The One Who Saved the Sky.

A monument was raised — not of stone, but of unity:

> A human spear stood beside a giant tusk under a Tellebits star-crystal.
>
> All under the name Zevuith

Three symbols. One story.

A New Dawn

decades later, when the first joint star-craft rose from the plains — built by human hands, giant strength, and Tellebit knowledge — the world gathered to watch.

The Scarred Matriarch stood at the front of her herd. Raleth stood beside her, older now, wiser. Vethira placed her hand on the hull of the new vessel, smiling softly.

The engines ignited.

The sky opened.

And the world that Zevuith saved, took its first step into the stars.

Not as a world divided. Not as a world afraid.

But as a world united — ready to forge its own path, both on Zevuith’s world and beyond.

The End, And a new beginning.

End

But not for the adventures of Zevuith.

KEEP A lookout for the next in the exciting saga.

The Merridean Star.

THE GREAT CHRONICLE OF THE SAVED WORLD

From the Shattering of the Sky-Rock to the Dawn of Understanding

I. THE FIRST ERA — THE SKY-FIRE (Year 0)

The Moment That Should Have Ended Everything

The Glowing Star dies in a burst of white-blue fire. The asteroid shatters. The world is spared.

Across the continents:

Giants lift their heads to the roaring sky. Early humans huddle in fear beneath trees and cliffs.

The shockwave ripples through oceans and plains.

No one understands what happened. But everyone remembers it.

This becomes the **First Shared Memory** — the moment both species unknowingly owe their future to a young Tellebit named Zevuith.

II. THE ERA OF FALLING SUNS (Years 1–10)

The World Tries to Understand the Miracle

Fragments of the Glowing Star fall across the world:

Some burn as streaks of fire. Some embed themselves in mountains. Some glow faintly for years.

Humans call them **sky-teeth**, **fallen suns**, **the broken star**. Giants avoid them instinctively — the metal hums with a strange, unsettling pulse.

The climate remains stable. The extinction that should have come never arrives.

Life continues. Life accelerates.

III. THE ERA OF FIRST ADAPTATION (Years 10–50)

The Giants Grow Stronger — The Humans Grow Smarter

The giant’s flourish:

- Ridge-backs expand their herds.
- Tuskhorns grow larger and more territorial.
- Night predators develop early pack strategies.

Humans adapt in response:

- Spears sharpen.
- Fire becomes a weapon, not just warmth.
- Settlements form near rivers and cliffs for protection.

Myths begin to form around the sky-fire. Stories are told of gods, omens, and warnings.

Neither species knows the truth — but both feel the world changing.

IV. THE ERA OF STRUGGLE (Years 50–100)

The World Becomes a Crucible

This is the age of conflicts:

- Asha of the Ember Path
- The Night of the Shattered Ridge
- The first great human–giant conflicts

Humans learn to fight with strategy:

- Ambush valleys
- Elevated platforms
- Reinforced walls
- Obsidian spearheads

Giants learn to counter:

- Avoiding fire lines
- Testing human defences
- Coordinating herd movements
- Recognizing specific clans by scent

This is the era when both species realize: **The other is not prey.**

The other is a rival. The other is intelligent.

Human Naming Tradition Begins

To Honor the fallen and preserve memory, humans begin passing names down through generations:

- A child may carry a parent’s name.
- A clan may carry the name of a hero.
- A settlement may carry the name of a battle.

Names become **anchors of identity**.

V. THE ERA OF AWAKENING (Years 100–200)

The Giants Begin to Think — The Humans Begin to Plan

The giants’ long lives — stretching across centuries — give them an advantage:

> A ridge-back elder alive during the sky-fire is still alive today.
>
> A tuskhorn matriarch remembers the first human traps.
>
> Night predators pass hunting strategies across generations.

They develop:

Rumble-communication, Stomp-warnings, Tail-signals, Coordinated migrations

Humans develop:

Early mapping, Clan alliances, Defensive engineering, Rituals honouring survival

Both species are now shaping the world — and each other.

VI. THE ERA OF MISUNDERSTANDING (Just Over Three Human Generation Ago)

The First Attempt at Peace Ends in Blood

The Scarred Matriarch tries to warn a human settlement of danger. Humans misinterpret her approach as aggression. A spear is thrown. A battle erupts.

Both sides suffer. Both sides retreat.

But something changes:

Raleth, a young hunter, realizes the Matriarch hesitated. He realizes she tried to communicate.

This realization becomes the seed of understanding.

VII. THE ERA OF MEMORY (The Present Age)

The Shard of the Glowing Star Is Found

A young ridge-back discovers a glowing shard of sky-metal. Touching it triggers a pulse of alien memory:

The Glowing Star. Zevuith’s final moments. The world seen from orbit. The sacrifice that saved them all

The Scarred Matriarch recognizes the shard. She remembers the sky-fire. She remembers the shockwave.

She brings the shard to the humans.

Raleth touches it. He sees the same memories.

For the first time in history:

A human and a giant share the same truth. The same memory. The same origin.

A fragile alliance begins.

VIII. THE ERA OF APPROACHING STARS (Now)

The giants taught:

How to remember. How to listen to the land. How to move with the rhythm of the world

How to protect without dominating. Together, they forged something new.

A path that belonged to no single species. A future shaped by all three.

The Tellebits Are Coming

Far across the galaxy, the Tellebits have noticed the silence of the Glowing Star.

They have debated. They have mourned. They have prepared.

Now, a search vessel is on its way.

They expect to find a primitive world. They expect to find ruins. They expect to find the truth of Zevuith’s death.

They do not expect:

Giants who remember the sky-fire. Humans who carry the shard. A world shaped by understanding and respect

A planet ready to meet them.